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The Elephant Strikes

Ally roun de camphor, de hunties lit dere smokes an
looky bout for de eyeball which glow in de dark. Spooky
in de jungle.

Nearby an by, a savage rampage in beast is crimping
up on little hooves making growning noises (which nobiddies
here in de silents of de jungle). In anudder secont, de
elephant ate em up.

The End

Rip Van Wrinkled

However has make a voyeur up the Husband must remember
the Katesmith Mounties. They be a dismembered brand of the
grape Applechain fambly, and are obscene away to the rest
of the river, smelling up to a noble hike, and loading it
over the surrendering cuntree. Everly chain of semen,
every chance of weather, indies, every hour of the day
prodoodles some change in the mackerel hues and snakes of

these mounties; and they are retarded by awl the goose whites, far and nehru, as prefect broom eaters. When the wetter is fair and senile, they are closed in blue and purpled, and prince their bowled oatlinks on the clear evening ski; but soomtomes, went the wrestle of the loin-scraps is clodless, they will garter a herd of great vipers about there summits, which, in the last raisins of the sitting son, will gloat and light up like a clown of glory.

At the foot of his hairy mounties, the voyeur may have described the light smoke curdling up from a villain, whose simple roots leam among the trees just wear the blue tits of the uplamb melt a weigh into the french green of the nude loinstraps. It is a little villain of great anticity, having been fondled by some of the Dutch columnists in the early Times of the province, just about the begging of the peppermint of the good Pierre Salivate (may he Rip van Winkle) and there were some of the houses of the original sweaters stamping within a fume ears, bill tov smile yellow pricks brought from Harlem, halving lettuce windows and gable clarks, surmounted by withered cocks.

It was in this very place that Rip van Wrinkled, the famous owld codger and young nothing about town, walked into the hills with a mijit and slept for twenty years and died of starving and exposing himself. Thank God those mijits have been rooted out of those mounties or we might awl be led astray and slept for years and years. Like Washington Irwin.

Alice in a Strange Place

Once upon a time, a very little girl, named Alice, was lying out under a tree by her sister's side listening to her lesson which her sister was reading from a large red book. The lesson was dull, the day was warm, and Alice began to get sleepy. While she idly watched two butterflies flit past, she saw a movement behind the hedge. It looked to Alice like a white rabbit wearing a waistcoat and carrying a pocket watch. She became very excited and left her sister's side without being seen, to follow the strange rabbit.

Later that afternoon, they found Alice with her head stuck in a gopher hole.

"She's a real problem," sighed her mother. "Last week she walked into a mirror."

The End